

THE GATEWAY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS' UNION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

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FOUR PAGES

Dramatic Society To Present Four Comedies

Huge Crowd Fills Convocation Hall; Hear Hart House String Quartet in Excellent Program

Return to Alberta After Five Years—Given Enthusiastic Reception by Music Lovers

LIEUT.-GOV. BOWEN PRESENT

After an absence of five years, the Hart House String Quartet returned Monday to thrill a large audience in Convocation Hall with their matchless artistry. Over 700 people crowded the Auditorium, to witness an unexcelled performance of chamber music. Lieut.-Governor Bowen and his party were in attendance to add their enthusiastic reception to the whole-hearted approval of the appreciative audience.

With bows stroking in unison over the taut strings of their instruments, eyes flashing, James Levey, first violin, Adolphe Koldofsky, second violin, Milton Blackstone, viola, and Boris Ham-bourg, violoncello, conveyed to the audience the keen delight which characterizes their inimitable artistry and makes the most difficult and intricate passages a labor of love.

Beginning with the Allegro moderato of Schubert's Quartet in D minor (Death and the Maiden), the gifted artists revealed not only a magnificent co-ordination for which they are justly famed, but also an individual ability to handle the most difficult solo passages with facility and grace.

Their interpretive genius was superbly illustrated in the theme of the second movement (Andante con variazioni), which is based on the pianoforte accompaniment of Schubert's song Death and the Maiden.

At the conclusion of the fourth and last movement, they had completely charmed the audience.

In delightful contrast, the quartet featured a British group with H. Waldo Warner's Folk-song fantasy (Dance to your Daddy). The second number of this group, a Scherzo by Frederick Delius, so captivated the capacity audience that an encore was demanded and most graciously presented. This was McEwen's Flowers of the Forest. In this observer's opinion, this special arrangement presented one of the most unusual musical offerings we have ever been privileged to hear.

The violin cello carried the melody through a matchless background provided by the other three instruments. An allegretto by Frank Bridge ended the second section of the program.

Selections by Haydn, Brahms and Beethoven composed the third group and evoked such whole-hearted appreciation that time after time the incessant applauding forced the four smiling artists to return to the stage. Three encores were necessary before the audience consented to leave.

An Adagio by Haydn, Tchaikovsky's Andante Contable, and the Minuet by Bocorinni were the selections which ended the concert for the evening.

WORTH OF MAN HIRTLE'S TOPIC

Speaking on the theme "The Worth of Man," Rev. S. M. Hirtle addressed some 200 students in Convocation Hall Sunday morning, Nov. 19.

In the course of his sermon Mr. Hirtle confronted the problem of man's worth in the face of the tragic realities of present-day civilization. Judgments of man's unworthiness, the speaker declared to be self-judgments, "the expression of an underlying faith and courage." Through this faith and courage have been demonstrated a great capacity to survive all sorts of catastrophes; defeated, man rises again; with his last dream broken he proceeds to dream a nobler one than before.

The worth of human personality was one of the basic convictions of Jesus' life and teaching; and the achievement of Christlikeness by some followers of Jesus proves the reality of man's high spiritual possibilities.

Man without God, however, is inadequate to conquer his world. And God, without man, is powerless to achieve the purposes of his kingdom.

"In the co-operation of God and man is the world's hope," said Mr. Hirtle, quoting Tennyson's words. "In God and God-like men we build our trust."

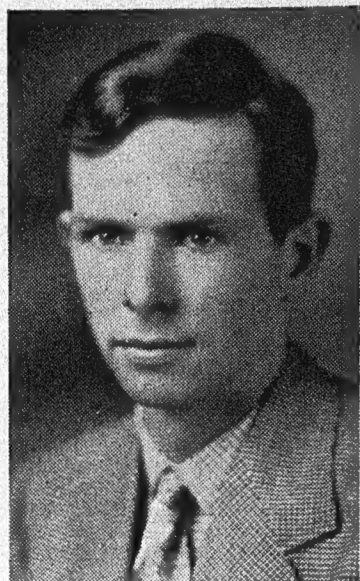
PERISCOPE

Tuesday—
Philharmonic Chorus Practice—
Girls 7:30, Boys 8:30, in basement of the Varsity Tuck Shop.

Wednesday—
8:00 p.m., Fencing Club Party, St. Joe's Auditorium.
4:30 p.m., Cercle Francais, Athabaska Lounge; Speaker, Dr. Sonet on 1914.
Chem Club, M-142.

Thursday—
Orchestra Practice, 7:15 p.m., Med Common Room.
S.C.M. Fireside, 3:30 p.m.

THESE MEN ARE IN THE NEWS TODAY . . .



Keith Millar, Senior Class President, who is instituting a campaign to have mortar boards worn by graduating students at Convocation in May.



Leroy "Chick" Thorssen, Engineering student, who is a member of the judging committee who will make final selection of debaters for intercollegiate competition. Other judges are Professor Stewart and Dr. Johns.



Jim Saks, prominent in Philharmonic and Law circles, who makes his first appearance with the Dramatic Society Friday night. He plays the male lead in the Senior Class production, Fumed Oak, by Noel Coward.



Stan Moher, coach of the senior hockey team, who is expected to lead the Bears to a championship this season. He is trying to arrange a pre-season game Saturday night at Arena with the E.A.C. Juniors.

Canada Conscriptio Debate Topic at Second Open Forum

Tests For Intersarsity Debating Teams—No Decision Last Saturday

"Resolved that this House favors Conscriptio of Canada's Human and Material Resources for War" will be the topic under fire Wednesday night, when the second Open Forum of the year takes place in Med 142. Arranged by the Debating Society in conjunction with the Political Science and Public Speaking clubs, the Forum will also be the testing ground for the entrants for the intersarsity debating teams.

Trying out Saturday afternoon, eight contestants battled back and tried to decide whether or not the German Club should be continued on the University campus. Four men were to be selected from this lineup to represent Alberta in Manitoba and at home in the intersarsity debates.

The judges decided that the best is none too good, for they decided that the general quality of the speeches were so low that to select four men on the merits of their performance Saturday afternoon would be almost impossible. As a result, the eight men will take the floor during the Open Forum on the Conscriptio question.

Final selection lies in the hands of the judges: Andrew Stewart, professor of Political Economy; Dr. John, of the Department of Classics, and Leroy Thorssen, Engineer.

Out to prove that both men and materials should be conscripted in the present war are Michel Dubuc and Lorne Ingle, while Mac Burka and E. F. Cameron are equally determined to uphold the negative side of this resolution.

Since this matter is of such vital importance to all men of military age, a huge turnout is certain. Claude Campbell, president of the Political Science Club, will act as chairman.

AGGIES SEE SADIE RE-TURN FOR SHORT VISIT

Those present at the Aggie dance on Friday night were given a special treat when Sadie Hawkins made a brief return visit during intermission.

Miss Hawkins, personified by one of the Freshies, was gaily attired in a full-busted, long, backless pale blue chemise, modestly covered (for a short time) by a beautiful model of a dressing gown.

TOP HONORS GO TO "IN THE MOOD" AS NICKELS DEPOSITED

"In the Mood," played by Glen Miller and his orchestra, has crept up the scale to premier position in the hit parade conducted by The Gateway every week. Running low in the field of twenty-four starters, this tuneful ditty hits a smooth, tepid rhythm, putting tuckers "In the Mood." But definitely!

"No Mamma No," top tune last week, has gone the way of all flesh, and is now a has-been, and with it disappear other numbers which appeared in the last poll, "Eighteenth Century Drawing Room," "Scatter Brain," No. 2 a week ago. Krackpot Kenny Baker has made second place with his rendition of "South of the Border." Hot platter this time is Fats Waller and his girl-friend Anita, who has made show-place, while the Hoosier Hotshots spread the corn on thick with Sam the College Leader Man in fourth spot.

"My Prayer" has slid further down the list and can only make fifth rating. Number six is Crooner Bing Crosby singing "Isle of Golden Dreams" in his crippled contralto.

YEAR BOOK PRIZE FOR PHOTOGRAPHS

Continuing their policy of past years the directorate of the Evergreen and Gold have announced that again this year they are offering two year books to the student handing in the best photograph for the campus snapshot section of the book.

The snaps may cover any phase of student activity, whether on the campus or not. However, the picture must be taken by the person while he or she is a student at the University. Since the summer months offer excellent material for interesting snaps, students are urged to ask to turn in any humorous or interesting photographs they may have.

Entries may be handed in to the Year Book Office, 152 Arts Building, or may be deposited in a special box at the post-office. Awards will be given to the snapshots showing most novelty and interest.

HUTCHINSON WILL SPEAK THURSDAY

Gerry Hutchinson, president of the S.C.M., will speak to a fireside meeting this Thursday evening, Nov. 23, at 8:30 p.m., at the home of Mrs. Newson, 11032 88th Ave. He will tell about his trip to Europe this last summer to attend the World Conference of Christian Youth held in Amsterdam last July. Gerry has addressed numerous groups on the subject since his return, but this is the first occasion on which he has reported to a student audience on his summer's experiences. All students are invited to attend.

HOUSE DANCE

On Saturday night in Athabaska gym, Joe Chamberlain and his orchestra provided the music at the weekly house dance. With a smaller number of people than usual in attendance, the usually crowded floor provided plenty of dancing room for those present.

World Wheat King is Agriculture Student Here; From Wembley

Gateway Reporter Learns No. 1 Wheat in World Tastes as Good as it Looks—Rigby Hopes to Win Again

By Jack Park
I found that the world's best wheat has an excellent flavor. Lloyd Rigby, the world's wheat king, had brought forth a package of fat golden grain, so I discovered the world's best wheat not only looks good, but tastes good.

These few kernels were part of a sample that won for Lloyd the title of world wheat king. The wheat had been raised at his father's farm at Wembley in the summer of 1938, then entered in the competition at Chicago.

This was the fourth time that Lloyd had tried at Chicago. For several years he followed the example of Herman Trelle. Trelle lived on the same section of land, and he had monotonously captured the crown for a decade. The influence of Trelle, together with the encouragement given by a Junior Grain Club, led Rigby to persist in competing in every local, provincial and international competition.

The sample was selected from the ordinary open-field grain grown on the Rigby farm. A particularly fine stand of wheat was chosen, then carefully cut, threshed and cleaned. All weed seeds and all imperfect or discolored kernels were removed. The sample was then ready for exhibition.

When the word of his victory reached Lloyd he was attending

Agricultural School at Vermilion. Newspapers called him, questioned him, and thanked him. The next day the story appeared that Lloyd's heart was set on horticulture, particularly on small fruit farming. This misconstrued tale spread to British Columbia, and Lloyd was questioned by several of the impoverished fruit farmers whether he would like to buy them out. Lloyd finds that the story still haunts him.

At the University he intends to study for his B.Sc. in Agriculture, specializing in some branch of field crops. Later on his intentions are to enter some branch of research work.

This summer Lloyd selected another sample of grain from his father's farm. Last year's sample weighed over 70 pounds to the bushel. He believes this year's is even better. But that does not mean that he will win the championship again, for it is not the comparative quality of the grain with that exhibited in previous exhibitions, but the actual quality of the samples offered for competition this season that matters. With an increasing number of competitors the difficulty of winning is increasing annually. However, Lloyd Rigby believes that his sample will make a good showing when it appears before the judges on Dec. 2.

Four Classes To Compete For Dramatic Shield; Promise New Laugh Program For Students

Senior Class to Do Coward Satire on Domestic Comedy—Colgrove Directs

FRIDAY NIGHT

Convocation Hall will ring to the sound of hilarious laughter on Friday, Nov. 24, when the curtain rises at 8 p.m. for the presentation of the annual Interyear plays.

This year no tragedy will mar the pleasantness of the evening's entertainment. Each class is putting on a comedy, and will vie with each other in extracting side-splitting roars of laughter from their appreciative audience. The successful class will carry off the Dramatic Competition Shield, which is now in the possession of the Sophomore Class.

The Senior play, directed by Lorraine Colgrove, and played by James Saks, Beth Rankin, Florence Brent and Olive "Babe" Duff, is Noel Coward's two-act satiric domestic comedy "Fumed Oak." Long-suffering husband Henry, tired of his wife's and mother-in-law's endless quarrelling, tired of "awful" Elsie's sniffling, tired of cold ham, tells the family and us exactly what he thinks of those two great institutions, marriage and the home.

"Figure Heads," directed by Bruce Rankin, with Joan Whitby, Dick Matthews, Betty Johnson, Ian Bain and Jim Rudko in the cast, is a fantastic comedy. It is set in a far-away land of make-believe, with a red-headed (with all that that implies) princess for a heroine and a prince in disguise for a hero. It includes a delightful balcony scene in which prince charming conducts a spirited wooing and almost gets thrown into the lake. The atmosphere is as lavish and rich as the extravagant dream castle.

"Eldorado," the Sophomore play, directed by Bill Corns and played by Mac Burka, Sidney Cornish, Gwen Sells and Winnifred Van Kleeck, is a character study of English country folk, of a miserly farmer, his son who is a miser in embryo, and a wily widow who drives a hard bargain. A battle of wits for the possession of a pound of prize potatoes ends in a decisive victory for neither farmer nor widow.

The Freshman fare, "A Wedding," directed by Murray Kendrick, with George McDonald, Bob Black, Art Southworth, Marg Ferguson, Doris Holberg and Jack Stranaska, is set in the groom's bedroom. What would any of you men do if you couldn't find your collar button, and the strains of Lohengrin were wafted up the stairs? And what would you do, Sadie, if the groom refused at the last moment to be married without his own collar button? Complicate the catastrophe with helpful groomsman, helpless bridesmaids, weeping or raging parents, and you have tragedy indeed.

Three judges will select the best play from among the four, and the shield will be awarded. They will also select the actress and actor who have given the best individual performances of the evening. Ballots will be included on the programs, and each member of the audience is invited to cast his vote for the best play and the best actor and actress. The program will begin on time, and will proceed briskly with no intermission between plays.

Tickets will be on sale in the basement of the Arts Building, Wednesday, Nov. 22. Campus "A" cards are valid.

At odd times during the evening the Thetas, who were holding a party next door, found the congenial atmosphere of the Aggie affair to be irresistible. Some dozen Engineers found it pleasurable to attend the party after the conclusion of their banquet, and even took a few lessons on the rendition of the Aggie yell.

All in all, it was one of the most memorable of Aggie informals. Members are now eagerly awaiting the showing of the motion pictures of the rugby parade to be given at a supper meeting in the near future.

STUDENTS' MAIL NOT DELIVERED

To all Managers, Secretary-Treasurers and Presidents of Classes, Clubs, Societies and Associations under the Students' Union:

All mail received by the Students' Union Secretary addressed to any of the above persons, either personally or in their official capacity, will be placed on the official Students' Union mail-board in the Students' Union office, Arts 219. From now on this mail will not be delivered personally by the Secretary of the Union, but the managers, secretaries, etc., of the various organizations will be expected to call regularly at the Students' Union office and collect it. The following persons will take special notice:

Alex. Smith, Secretary Debating Society.
Beth Rankin, Vice-President of the Union.
Neil Davidson, President Philharmonic Society.
Vincent Hyland, President Dramatic Society.
Andrew Garrett, Book Exchange Manager.
Secretaries of Junior and Senior Classes.
H. J. BISHOP,
Union Secretary.

Agriculture Club Entertain; Initial Dance of Season

Leggett Gets Bentley Scholarship for Activities

150 PRESENT

Friday, Nov. 17, was a red-letter day for the Ag Club. The first social function of the year was staged at Masonic Temple with about 150 guests attending. Music supplied by Jim Bouthran of the Freshie class left nothing to be desired, as frequent comments indicated.

Floor Manager Jim Hall livened up the party considerably by mixing the whole party, including himself, during a circle. Soon afterward he entertained the more dignified by having the less dignified perform in a quadrille.

One of the most popular couples at the dance were the hosts, Dr. and Mrs. R. D. Sinclair. The sincere and active interest taken in the club by our honorary president is a true indication of the undiminished spirit and loyalty of one of the members of the first graduating agricultural class from U. of A.

During the intermission a colorful fashion parade, organized by Percy Boulton, exhibited the coming fashions for domesticated Freshmen. Following this, Harry Leggett was presented with the Bentley Scholarship for the highest standing in a combination of academic and extra-curricular work. The scholarship consists of a complimentary membership to the Ag Club and admission to all club functions.

In speaking for the graduates and non-members present, Jim McFall moved a vote of commendation to the club for such a successful occasion. Jack Butterfield moved a vote of congratulation on behalf of the undergraduates for the work done by the executive in organizing the dance.

At odd times during the evening the Thetas, who were holding a party next door, found the congenial atmosphere of the Aggie affair to be irresistible. Some dozen Engineers found it pleasurable to attend the party after the conclusion of their banquet, and even took a few lessons on the rendition of the Aggie yell.

All in all, it was one of the most memorable of Aggie informals. Members are now eagerly awaiting the showing of the motion pictures of the rugby parade to be given at a supper meeting in the near future.

MED BANQUET DUE COMING SATURDAY

Sixteenth annual banquet of the Med Faculty will be held on Saturday, Nov. 25, at the Macdonald Hotel.

After seeing what the Engineers can do in the way of a banquet, the Med executive state that their banquet will be the biggest and best the campus has seen to date.

This annual affair is known far and wide as one of the outstanding events in the medical year. It is more than an opportunity to enjoy a good meal, for here is one night that the medical faculty really fraternize, giving the six-year boys their initial send-off.

The fourth year executive are taking care of details, and report that despite the increase in price of certain commodities, the charge for the evening will remain the same as in previous years.

There is every indication that this 16th annual Medical Banquet will surpass all like affairs of the past and a new high will be set for attendance.

THE GATEWAY



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TELEPHONE 31194

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF DON CARLSON
BUSINESS MANAGER W. BURT AYRE

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DISTASTEFUL ELECTION ISSUE

An Independent school board candidate in Calgary has condemned an Alberta high school textbook on social studies as "pernicious Nazi propaganda." One of the statements in the book on which the candidate bases his charges is this:

"After the World War Germany was forced to accept a humiliating peace. The army had not been crushed, but the government had collapsed. The peace treaty forced Germany to pay reparations to an impossible figure, and give up important territories both east and west."

In the controversy which has developed as a result of the allegation, there are two fundamental points which must be considered before a fair decision can be made.

1. The issue is an unmistakable hint of that which we have promised ourselves not to countenance in this time of national emergency—war hysterics. Had the Third Reich not become our enemy in September, no notice probably would have been taken of this so-called instrument of "Nazi propaganda" which is being used in the province's educational system. And this even though Nazi propaganda would be as pernicious in peace time as it is, allegedly, in war time. By attempting to use this condemnation as an instrument to color his campaign for election, the candidate is not aiding to preserve a cool public nerve, which is necessary to consolidate the national war effort.

If the textbook is culpable, and if revision is necessary, criticism should be confined to less public channels, and referred direct to provincial educational authorities. Then the proper judgment can be made by responsible parties; and less rational opinion will not be diverted by a minor issue of this sort.

2. Does the text contain any traces of propagandistic material? It is a factual study. One condemned paragraph declares that Germany was forced to accept a humiliating peace. That is not propaganda, but fact. A "humiliating peace" for the loser was an inevitable consequence of a long, bitter war. Defeat is never anything but humiliating; but that does not lessen the glory of victory.

It adds that Germany was forced to pay reparations to an impossible figure.

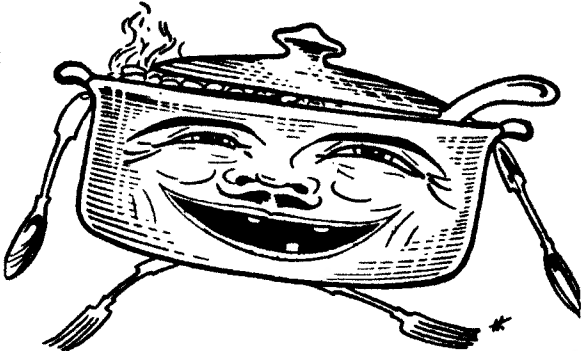
Actually, the Allies realized this before Germany did, and made several attempts to scale down reparation figures. This is, too, historical fact. It is dangerous to twist it, under the guise of anti-British propaganda, to fit the purposes of a relatively unimportant political campaign.

The condemned chapters tell the story of attempts made to secure permanent peace, and the failure of those attempts because certain mistakes were made. They neither defend nor censure the Treaty of Versailles, the German Reich, British and French policies, or anything else.

W. D. McDougall, co-author of the book, declares that, "One of its purposes was to indoctrinate in students a wholesome knowledge of and respect for the principles of democracy, by contrasting it with the other forms of government."

Moreover, the mistakes which happened between 1919 and 1939 must not be hidden from those who will be responsible for framing and preserving the next peace settlement. Only then will they be sure not to commit similar errors as did their predecessors.

CASSEROLE



Johnny's teacher sent a note home asking his mother to give him a bath. This is the answer: "Dear Miss Smith, when I send Johnny to school, I send him to be learned, and not to be smelt, he ain't no rose."

To a Hair on a Gentleman's Shoulder

Oh small and gleaming severed thing,
How tenaciously and close you cling,
Shining there so indiscreet
Where coat and collar crisply meet.
Oh, little does your owner know
That there upon his coat you glow
A reason bright for wife's sight
Why he was out so late last night.

Dean (to co-ed)—Are you writing that letter to a man?

Co-ed—It's to a former room-mate of mine.
Dean—Answer my question.

"How would you punctuate the following sentence:
"Mary ran into the garden naked."
"I'd make a dash about Mary!"

It is only when you see pretty co-eds on a breezy day that you begin to realize the wind that's wasted blowing ships around.

"Over the hill to the poorhouse" is an old saying—but why make it doubly hard by putting a hill in front of it.

Cute Co-ed—I'll bet you're worried—two exams in one day.

Cuter Co-ed—You bet. I don't see how I can be out with two profs. in one night.

Prof.—Jones, name a sea shanty?

Jones—The Deep-Sea Doodle.

Englishman—I say, what are they doing?

American—They're dancing.

Englishman—They get married later, don't they?

Marg—John, dear, I'm to be in amateur theatricals.

What will people say when they see me in tights?

John—They'll say I married you for your money.

Even a man of letters may get stung at a spelling bee.

Father—Who was that man I saw you kissing last night?

Modern Daughter—What time was it?

"Honor among thieves is a myth," said the lawyer.
"You're right. They're no better than the rest of us," said his partner.

There was a fellow who was half-baked because his father had dough and his mother had too many irons in the fire.

Druggist—What sort of toothbrush do you want?
Napier—Let me have a big one—there's a dozen men on my floor.

Another rare sight is an old battle axe and a young blade cutting up together.

Police Sergeant—A college student, eh?
Prisoner—Yes, sir.
Patrolman—It's a lie. I searched him and found money in his pockets.

EDITORIAL SQUIBS

Students who prefer comedy should turn out en masse Friday to attend the Interyear plays. For the first time in history, four comedies will be presented by members of the Dramatic Society.

Rumors are circulating that the local unit of the Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve is hanging out a weekly wash which is whiter than that of any other unit in Edmonton. If these soap companies who fill up most of the morning's radio programs hear about it, they will probably want to introduce a skit called "We Joined the Navy to do our Wash."

Modern civilization has done the Netherlands a good turn. In the old days, in order to make their water defences effective, they had to flood threatened areas to a depth to stop horses from getting through. Today they just have to flood up to the hub caps.

THE OPEN DOOR

by
MASTER KEY

With the appointment of a Council committee last week, it appears that plans will soon be launched for the third annual University Christmas Fund. The assistance given needy districts throughout the province has increased every year since the fund was originally begun in St. Stephen's College four years ago, and with student support there is no reason why a new high should not be reached this year.

To some the amount raised may seem small when compared with the large sums administered elsewhere, but the \$408 raised last year provided a maximum of assistance in districts that would otherwise have remained unaided at Christmas time.

Began in "Steve's"
It all began four years ago when the boys in St. Stephen's College decided to send supplies to one particularly needy district southwest of Edmonton. The eighty residents of the college raised \$30 and 200 pounds of clothing. Not a great sum, perhaps, but when the financial status of boys in University residences is considered, it will be realized that it meant digging deeply into almost empty pockets.

In 1937, when Arch McEwen was Students' Union President, the Council decided to make it a University

project. The Provincial Health Department was contacted, and they agreed to co-operate in the distribution of food and clothing. District nurses were asked to advise as to supplies most needed in their region, and with the assistance of the dietitian of the University Hospital, the supplies requested were duplicated as closely as possible when remaining within the limits imposed by fund finances.

Last year the supplies were purchased with a view of giving most assistance to children of school age, and food was provided for hot lunches in the schools. Some 4,000 pounds of food and clothing were shipped to several districts.

Deserving Cause
If the University Christmas Fund continues to be administered as efficiently as in the past, it fully deserves student support. Donors are assured that their money is producing the greatest benefit possible. Administration expenses are practically nil, the services of organizers being generously donated and there being little advertising cost or other overhead. Through the co-operation of the Provincial Health Department only the most deserving receive aid, and the committee are assured that they are not assisting the undeserving or those who will be reached by other organizations.

Let's reach the \$500 mark this year!



Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir—I am in receipt of a letter written to Dr. Kerr and referred to me by him.

Quote: "It has been brought to my attention by citizens this date that some University students drive along 88th Ave. when children are en route to and from Garneau School, at an excessive rate of speed, and it is alleged that due care is not exercised for the safety of these children."

"I would appreciate it therefore, if you would kindly draw the attention of your students to this matter, in the interest of better public safety."

Yours very truly,
A. G. Shute,
Chief Constable.

I think that this letter requires no comment in the light of the present alarming increase in traffic accidents.

Yours truly,
J. P. DEWIS,
President, Students' Union.

Editor The Gateway:

Dear Sir,—I wish to call attention to an historical inaccuracy appearing in The Gateway on Tuesday, Nov. 14th, under an article entitled, "Sterilization Today." Therein it is stated: "Roman Catholics continued the practise (i.e., castration) until modern times, to provide male soprano voices for their cathedral choirs."

The statement conveys the impression that the Roman Catholic Church, today an unyielding opponent of sterilization, at one time at least tacitly approved castration, and that her present attitude belongs to

There has never been any official pronouncement of the Roman Catholic Church that could, in any way, be construed as sanctioning the practise of castration. That there have been abuses along these lines is unquestioned, but to use such abuses as a basis for generalizations and misstatements is hardly scientific procedure.

As a student in a University whose shield carries the legend, "Quaecumque vera," I must protest against such historical inaccuracies that convey such a false impression.

Sincerely,
MICHEL DUBUC.

Russia and Germany...

Editor's Note: This article appeared in a recent issue of "Roma Fascista," an Italian University publication.

It does not express editorial opinion, but is herewith reproduced to give readers an indication of what Italian University students are being taught in respect of pre-war British policy.

Germany and Russia
Perhaps never in history has there been verified a change so radical and profound in a single month between two great countries as that now reported between Germany and Russia.

They were opponents in the Great War and definitely enemies after the war. Dragged into a bloody war which was completely useless for both parties with regard to their interests, they were unable to form a bridge between themselves when peace came because of different political and social creeds.

At the finish of the Geneva Conference of 1922, Russia was in quarantine. Only the Treaty of Rapallo offered to Germany rather than to Russia the possibility of finally breaking the isolation to which she seemed condemned. It was certainly not easy to affirm that the German government, from then on, had in the Red government anything like a true friend. The confusion which existed in Moscow between diplomats and revolutionists constituted the principal obstacle to the stabilization of diplomatic relationships between Europe and Russia.

Russia re-entered the game played by the European countries re-established entirely upon her admission into the League of Nations. The era of Litvinoff started and all that he stood for. It was the epoch of the pact of non-aggression and treaties of neutrality because Russia felt herself menaced in the East. She obtained non-aggression pacts with Poland, Estonia, Finland, Lithuania, Persia, Afghanistan, Turkey and France.

With the advent of Hitler to power in 1933, Russia felt that the west was also being threatened, because Russia had made a pact of mutual assistance with capitalistic France.

It seems as though the Russian-German invasion was to become incurable. Russia was putting under arrest German engineers who worked in her establishments. Germany released against the Communistic Party proclamations against Communism.

In the Austrian crisis, in the Czechoslovakia and especially in Spain, Russia and Germany were constantly one against the other.

At the height of this unfriendliness, England thought she was able to have an easy game with Soviet Russia to finally realize her policy of encircling Germany. Chamberlain, however, warned from the very first against English-Russian negotiations, restarted to study the anti-German attitude.

Some breathed a different air towards Russia because Litvinoff, the Russian representative at the Geneva Conference, was given leave, right at the start of the discussions. It was thought absurd, a Soviet-Nazi pact, but already in Berlin they were starting to talk of opening negotiations between Germany and Russia.

When on April 15 Mr. Strang and party inaugurated the discussions with Soviet Russia, the English did not have present the explicit and clear declaration of Stalin made at the 18th Congress of the Communist Party in March, which stated the Communistic Russian attitude regarding the tentative German conquest of Ukraine. The English had no other plan than to draw Russia into a war against Germany. Even then Stalin did not wish to participate in a coalition directed against Germany.

The talks finished like the wind with a complete check of the English. And now followed blow upon blow. An August 19th the new commercial agreement with Germany. On 23rd of August the non-aggression pact and consultation pact between Germany and Soviet Russia and after about a month, the military collaboration in Poland. This historical fact demonstrated how unexpectedly had come the complete change of the Russian-German feeling. For a whole year there had

(Continued on Page 3)

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Sonata Appassionata

The last faint rays of afternoon sunlight filtered through the ivy leaves outside the open French window, forming curious patterns on the couch on which Sylvia lay. For an hour the odd, square patch of light had been moving slowly across the coverlet, but it would soon disappear now. From the garden came the plaintive notes of a swallow calling a "good night" to his mate.

The family had known for some time that Sylvia would not get better; could not get better; and now they knew that at last she was slipping away from them. And Sylvia knew it. Scarcely moving, hardly speaking, they waited, John, her brother, standing at the foot of the couch with his arm around her mother, her father kneeling beside her with one of her soft, delicate hands held in his. Paul, her other brother, would arrive from London later in the evening.

When they had brought her back from the hospital a week ago knowing that she could not recover, Sylvia had asked to be left in the living room. Lying here with the French windows opened she could look out into the garden where she used to putter around in the morning sunshine with the rose bushes and delphinium. Around her, on the walls, were the landscapes she had painted under old Francois' coaching. Across the room was the piano where she had spent so many hours, sometimes by herself, sometimes with Garth.

How strange it was that one's whole life could seem to revolve around a single inanimate object like that! But it was true in her case, especially during the past year or two. Even in high school days no one knew how she used to pour out in music innumerable thoughts and feelings of which she could speak to no human being she knew. How she had struggled to express in music the sorrows and joys which she was beginning to glimpse in the compositions of Beethoven! And it was through this piano that she had come to know Garth, and it was here

that he sat the last time she had seen him.

Knowing his sister's passion for Beethoven's music, Paul had brought Garth home with him one evening to play for her. His striking appearance and his manner, direct and at the same time aloof, intrigued her, and she invited him to come back again. In her own mind she had christened him "The Byron of the Piano." Garth came to the house often after that, sometimes sitting silent almost the whole evening, sometimes playing as though his very soul had been starved for music.

At first he had appeared to Sylvia almost a cynic. Yet she often watched him as he began to play and it seemed, once his fingers began to move over the keyboard, that the power of his own music would carry him away from the present into another sphere. Then the lines of his mouth would relax and the expression of his eyes soften until his very appearance seemed to change. When he had finished he would turn, looking almost embarrassed, as if he had been telling a stranger of his own life, his hopes and fears, and his sorrows. And then, in a second, he was back into his old self.

Alone in the parlor late one afternoon he had sat down at the piano and after a few preliminary chords began to play Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata." Entering just as he had begun Sylvia stood motionless behind him, listening to the immense tragedy of the first movement, played as she had never heard it played before. Swept along by its growing tide of feeling to the inevitable conclusion, they both were left silent.

Now, at last, she understood those lines around his mouth and his strange silences; now she saw him as he really was, with the mask that he wore to the rest of the world set aside. Not wishing to break in upon his mood she hesitated, then gently placing her hand on his arm she spoke: "Only a man who had suffered could have written that. And only one who has suffered greatly could have played it—that way. Forgive me for listening. I didn't know at the beginning, and then when I did I just had to stay. I couldn't help it."

Startled, he looked up, obviously struggling to mask the expression that had come over his face. But he was too late. She had seen the real Garth, the Garth that so few people had ever seen. She had heard him in the most expressive of languages, speaking of things which never in all his life he had put into words. Looking squarely into her eyes for a moment, he hesitated, then shyly almost, he took the hand that rested on his shoulder and folded it into his own.

How quickly the following year had passed for both of them! Now consciously in love they spent more time together than ever. Occasionally they would walk miles through the country, but most of their time together they spent at the piano, and then, as suddenly as he had come into Sylvia's life, Garth vanished.

They had been for a long walk one afternoon, and he had hardly spoken all the way. On their return, she had tried to persuade him to play her favorite sonata for her (he had been sitting at the piano idly running over a few vague phrases), but

he would not. It was time for him to go, he had said, but before he went she made him promise that he would play it the next time he came. Sylvia had remembered that promise—she remembered it now. But Garth had not come back.

Sylvia herself was the first to notice him as he stood there looking at them from the shadows just inside the French window. Not one of them had heard him approaching along the path or heard his step as entered. Motionless, he stood there for a moment or two, and then in reply to Sylvia's almost inaudible "Garth," he slowly crossed to the couch, unconscious, apparently, of the family gathered around her.

Feebly raising her hand to him Sylvia smiled faintly. "Oh Garth," she whispered, "I knew that you would come back before it was too late."

For a moment he made as if to take her hand in his but checking himself, he drew back almost imperceptibly. Looking down at her he said in a very low voice, "I'm sorry, Sylvia." A pause; and again, "I'm sorry."

Their eyes met for a moment, neither speaking further; then turning away silently, he crossed to the piano.

Never had Garth played the "Sonata Appassionata" as he played it now. Surely its truest and deepest meaning had not been more clear to its composer than it seemed to be to the man who sat there at the piano. All the longing and sorrow of the past year of separation he seemed to pour out in the tragedy of the first movement. Swiftly the growing rush of sound seemed to tell of all the bitter sadness of life, being swept along to its irrevocable end. Silence. Then, slowly, came the unutterable calm of the second movement—the simple variations following a deep, slow theme seemed to tell of the infinite peace of a life after death.

Suddenly the music stopped, a phrase unfinished. The player turned. Sylvia still wore the same faint, sad smile, brightened for the moment by the small patch of sunlight which had moved up until it now covered her face. As he crossed the dim room the sunlight faded. But the smile was still there. It could not fade now. Looking at her, he smiled himself and, then, without a word to the family, he was gone.

Alone now, John and his mother and father stood silent looking at the still figure on the couch. Softly weeping his mother said, "For Sylvia's sake I'm so glad that he did come back. Even at the last, I'm sure she still hoped he would come, somehow, for no matter how he had treated her, she still loved him. And nothing we could have done would have meant so much to her as that. How he could possibly have known, I can't imagine, but—I'm glad that he came."

After she had gone the two men looked at each other for several minutes. Then the father spoke. "I'm glad, too, for her sake. Although I must say that I certainly did not expect to see him. And I can't say that I particularly wanted to see him after treating Sylvia as he did. But I can't understand how he knew, or how could he have reached here if he did know? Paul said that he was in Paris somewhere."

Standing looking out into the garden, John turned to his father. "Say nothing of this to mother," he said, "but that man who played was not Garth."

In reply to his father's exclamation of surprise, he went on. "I thought that's who it was at first, too, until he went over to look at Sylvia. Then I had my first good look at him. Do you remember those lines around Garth's mouth? Well, they were not there. That face was certainly not Garth's face."

"I don't think you ever knew it, but Garth has a brother that really looks startlingly like him—I met him once in London when Paul introduced us. Paul knows him well. This brother was very much cut up, evidently, when Garth left Sylvia, and often used to ask Paul about her. And only this afternoon some one phoned the nurse to ask about Sylvia's condition."

"The answer, I think, is right there. He knew of Garth's promise and took a chance on the faint light to pass himself off as Garth, waiting in the garden until it was dim enough for him to come in. He knew what it would mean to Sylvia if Garth came back, and he risked making himself an awful fool to make Garth appear more of a man, and to make her happier at the end. That was why he took no notice, whatever, of us."

Paul arrived home later in the evening. Their parents having retired the two brothers sat up talking. John related what had occurred earlier in the evening and told Paul of his theory regarding Garth's brother.

Paul listened attentively until his brother had finished. Then, thinking a moment, he began: "That certainly was a sporting thing for anyone to do. But it was not Garth's brother. True, it was Garth's brother who phoned the nurse, but he did it from London—he was there all day. I saw him this afternoon on his way to the airport—he had cabled Garth in Paris and told him to fly over at once."

Not speaking, John sat watching his brother's face intently. A pause. Then, "What time did you say Sylvia died?"

"Just about seven-thirty." "Just about seven-thirty. John, tonight at ten past seven, Garth was killed when his plane crashed landing at Croydon airport."—The Mitre.

After Classes What? . . .

When your professor has finished his lecture—"We'll continue from that point next day"—folded up his notes, and led the way from the classroom, what happens to him? Where does he go? Who does he talk to? What does he think about?

Or, let's ask another question. Are we at university only to take notes and sip coffee? When the professor disappears into those intellectual realms forbidden to the mere student, does the latter fulfill his obligations to himself, his parents, and the institution by making a bee-line for the Caf stairs?

The answer to the first question is: No. I don't know where the prof goes. Neither does anybody else. And further, I don't know what he talks about, or what he thinks of. Answering the second: If Caf coffee is all we came out here for, we might just as well have saved ourselves and our parents the time and money.

Just one more question before we get to the point. Do all of us know exactly what is taught on this campus? Of course we don't. But, strangely enough, there are a few of us—perhaps many—who would really like to know what goes on behind other classroom doors, what comes out of other professors' minds. Opera House, year before last, was successful enough to answer that one.

Know Your Prof.

And so—the point. We take a personal interest in our professors; at least most of us do. We think enough of them to ask for their patronage at our biggest dances and social functions. We do that because we want to meet them socially, because we want to form a bond of greater sympathy and understanding between the faculty and the student body.

We feel that the greatest influence in our lives out here is the professor. We spend four years here to profit by that association—slight as it is. For it is slight. It is confined to short lectures two or three times a week; it is limited by the minute-hand of an electric clock. I claim that we do not have a reasonable chance to know our professors, or to give them a chance to better know us. It would be to the benefit of both factions if each could have a better understanding of the motives of the other. The students do their best—but that's a lamentable little. Now it's up to the professors.

Faculty Reception.

So, here it is, Faculty. I am in favor of an annual Faculty Reception for Undergraduates—which might be confined to the upper two years, if necessary. It might take the form of a tea in the gym or in the Union Building, and it would be one of those stuffy affairs at which you stand around with a cup and saucer in one hand, a sandwich in the other, and do your best to keep from looking bored. But it would be worth while.

You, the faculty, would send out invitations as we do to you, requesting the presence of a certain selected group of the best students, the most active students, or any other students you might care to ask. And you would have a chance to meet them, know them, and understand them. They would have an opportunity of profiting from your years and experience through an informal discussion of less academic topics, and would get more out of their stay here on the campus as a result.

Or don't you want to know us? —Ubysey.

Roller Skating

The art of roller-skating begins at home. It is advisable to wear something that you had intended sending to the cleaners, as you will have to do so anyway. Service weight stockings at fifty cents a pair are useful in that they do not allow your feet to run when torn. It might be a good idea to get two pairs, because you can use the others the next day to hide the cuts and bruises on your shins. Wear shoes that are worn out, as the soles will not stay on long anyway.

You should carry with you a bag of some sort containing soap, towel, and comb. You will realize just how important these articles are after your first fall. A small first-aid kit is not absolutely necessary, as first aid is offered free to the injured. However, you may feel self-conscious upon entering the emergency clinic, and in that case you will probably prefer to administer your own iodine.

If you have never been on roller skates before, don't make the disastrous mistake of telling your escort that you have. A thorough knowledge of the fundamental laws of gravity will give you an advantage over the less-informed skaters in your group. Which brings to mind another important point: never go skating in couples; always be sure there is a crowd going along, so that you can sit on the sidelines and laugh once in a while too. This will also serve to give you a little more confidence.

Don't be discouraged when you first enter the Palace Gardens (this name, by the way, is a little misleading). Those maestros on the floor may look like fancy skaters, but if you can force yourself to look closely for a moment, you will

Russia and Germany

(Continued from Page Two)

existed reports (chief propaganda by the press) concerning the incurable unfriendliness between Germany and Russia.

The Commissioner of the People, Molotov, was greatly relieved at this radical change between Germany and Russia, and in his reports communicated on August 31 to the Supreme Council of the Soviets the following: "The non-aggression pact between Soviet Russia and Germany signified a jump in the history of Europe, and not only in Europe. Today the situation has changed, and we have ceased to be enemies." In another instance this collaboration was further dealt with: "The non-aggression pact between Russia and Germany put a finish to all unfriendliness between Germany and Soviet Russia. The divergence which exists between our ideological and political systems do not have to form an obstacle to the re-establishment of good relationships between our two countries."

These words received the approval of Hitler in his speech on Sept. 9th, and also in his speech on the last meeting of the Reichstag. Said he: "Germany had no intention whatsoever of exporting the doctrine of Russia if Russia behaves similarly, and I see not a single reason why our two nations must yet take positions one against the other."

On Sept. 19th the Fuehrer repeated his sentiments once more at Danzig, as follows: "Russia will take what belongs to her and Germany that which is hers. One one thing, however, the two regimes are in full accord. Neither Germany nor Russia wish to sacrifice another single man for the interests of the Western Democracies."

Also Field Marshal Goering, in his speech at the opera on Sept. 9th, hammered down further the nail on this new conception of the German policies: "You know that our interest in Russia is a true interest and one of great scope. Each one of us follows his own road. We follow our social nationalism and the Russians their Communism; we do not want to mix our political and social doctrines. For the rest, we are two great peoples who wish to live together in peace."

Thus this present German-Russian alliance offers great possibilities from the German way of thinking, from the economic point of view, and above all from a political point of view. We are especially able to establish now, at the conclusion of military operations in Poland, that Germany and Russia will be decisive of giving a new order to Eastern Europe. This signifies truly a definite and decisive turn in the history of Europe.

The Engineer!

From the American Agricultural Journal (with apologies and alterations):

General Appearance: Weight: large, massive, must weigh 200 lbs.

Quality: good physically, unbalanced mentally, with soft red woolly covering.

Head and Neck: Head: Swollen, wide between eyes, irregular profile.

Ears: Cauliflowered.

Eyes: large, prominent.

Lower jaw: angular, unshaven.

Neck: long, bent.

Fore Quarters: Shoulders: deep, sagging.

Arms: Well-muscled, curved to fit feminine back.

Hands: large, irresponsible.

Body: Back: short, bent.

Ribs: not visible.

Chest: like a beer barrel.

Hind Quarters: Hips: trouser outside.

Feet: large, usually shoed.

Action: Willing to go anywhere. Hard to break in, and harder to housebreak.

When broke, should be shot.

see that each one is falling in turn, even as you gaze in wonder. While the attendant is putting your skates on, be sure to act nonchalant and experienced, otherwise he may strap them uncomfortably tight.

There is really very little to skating. The whole secret of the thing rests in the fact that if you can place one foot in front of the other, throwing one foot in front of the other, throwing a little of your weight on the forward foot in such a way that your own momentum, or something, will carry you along; if, I say, you can do all this without falling, you will be a successful skater. You may be wondering just how you start, once you have gained a fairly stable position, presumably at right-angles to the floor. The best way is to get a light push from behind, but be sure you are prepared for it.

Graceful falling is quite as important as in any other sport, but with roller-skating it takes a little more initiative and engineering. If you keep your skates well away from the faces of the unfortunates who fall on top of you, then you are mastering the first detail of the art of graceful let-down. The rest is up to you.

Remember to keep your hands away from your face, as you may not appear like an angel, even if your face is dirty.

I Love Life . . .

I paused before the Parthenon. It was only a picture, yes, but before my wondering eyes the last fragments and scarred lustre miraculously disappeared, and I gazed on the most perfect art in the world. Still there was the matchless, unutterable beauty of a symbol, breathing to us over the dusty space of time, a glorious struggle for the ultimate—a striving to achieve perfection and permanence, not for raucous applause, but to satisfy the eternal fires which did consume the very soul within.

I stood transfixed. I thought I heard Peisistratus at my shoulder whispering, "How strange that here for but one moment appears the thought I lived for long ago."

And I hurried on down into the "market place," or more familiarly, the Arts rotunda. A wonderful place for study this—for nothing fascinates me more than people. Now with an eye to finding these qualities which spoke from out the past, I own Diogenes' task a simpler one—I scan the rabble.

To and fro, madly dashing after enough Quaecumque vera to pass examinations so they can find a rut to sink into, are a number of what are commonly known as students. But clustered along the walls, heedless of bronze Goethe's peace and Mercury, imprisoned in a niche, are gathered most interesting specimens of, let us say, Saturday Nighters. For many years in this laboratory for the production of the "grinding specialism of the modern world," I have surveyed the change which saddens me. When I first timidly ventured about these halls, I quietly attended packed debates, read a college paper replete with student articles and features, carrying reports of crowded Philosophers, of hectic Council meetings and hard-fought elections. It was with awe that I observed that the casts for the plays and opera had finally been selected from umpteen candidates, and I watched with admiration the histrionic offerings of men and women, whom I never dreamed could or would act.

I cannot even now quite believe the extent of the change. Going to Students' Union meetings is not the thing to do—especially when a dull and stupid thing such as a budget is apt to be brought up. As for the paper, they've got scissors, haven't they?—what's the matter with clippings and more clippings. Besides, I'm too busy; and anyway, what is there to write about? No, I don't read the editorial—I don't know who's in the elections—these jokes are putrid—what's that you say, constitutional errors—well, so what?

And so on. Debating? Well, the debaters will probably be there. I don't remember when, where or why we won the last grim battle. After all, to the Varsity student an ability to put his thoughts in clear, rational language and enjoy a keen discussion holds no attraction. More and more we are letting someone else do everything while we look on and applaud half-heartedly. Our amusements are music, speeches, thrills—our lives are ordered by someone else. We are told, and absently accept, other's judgments as to our books, plays, movies, dress, habits—oh, everything!

At the University, of all places, where these should be decreasing instead of increasing, we find the Saturday nighters interested only in "Where were you Saturday night?" or "Where are you going Saturday night?" "I can hardly wait." Wasting six-sevenths of a week, they do but exist the six days to "live" the seventh. Never does it occur to them that it's not only a fraction of a week, but a fraction of a life. During the week, mere automatons who don their masks on Saturday and wake up Sunday oft frightened at some unguarded reflection of themselves. Of all the places where a versatility, a recognition of man as

a being with many faculties, all of which should be tested and developed, should manifest itself—here in this University is it most rarely found. We come here and pass through the machine, our memories worn to a frazzle and our minds rusted with disuse. Won't it be lovely when we can get someone to live life for us? Damn that picture, anyway.

—Shamus O'Flattery.

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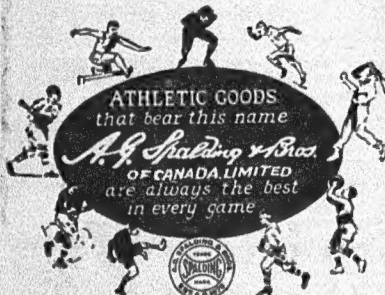
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Nurses Move Out In Front; Win Both Games In Contest For Girls' Basketball Honors

Pembinites and Pi Phi's Win

MARG WILLOX MANAGER

Girls' House League basketball has got away to a good start this year, with four games in the schedule already played. So far the Nurses head the list, having won both their games.

Tuesday night was to have seen the opening game with Pembina going into action against the Towners. As it happened, only two of the overtown team turned up. But since there were 12 Pembinites anxious for a game, Pembina played Pembina, and were victorious over Pembina with a close score of 10 points to 9. Needless to say, this game will count as a win for Pembina.

In this encounter, Phil Gordon distinguished herself by making the first basket of the season, and Betty Stewart by making the most points.

The second game that evening was played between the Nurses and the Thetas, the former chalking up 12 points to the Thetas 3, all three being made by Marg Grisdale. The three outstanding players for the Nurses were L. Norem, B. Omsley and A. Chowne, each of them being responsible for 4 points.

Thursday evening the U.A.H. girls were again victorious, defeating the Pembina squad 8-6. The Nurses really have a good team this year, and for the first time in several seasons have more than enough members for one team.

In the second game of that evening the Pi Phi's battled against Tri Deltis, and managed to defeat them by a margin of 10 points, the score being 17-7.

This year the league includes seven teams, and is under the capable management of Marg Willox. All scores and points, both of teams and individual players, are being kept track of, and will be published periodically. Due to a Panhellenic meeting, all games scheduled for Tuesday, Nov. 21st, are cancelled.

Outdoor Club News . . .



The club meeting scheduled for Tuesday came off, and was a great success. General business was discussed, and new club members were given a history of the club by the president. The pictures shown by Dr. Bulyea were extremely beautiful.

To these club members who intend to buy new ski equipment we have some news. Any paid-up member of the club can, on presentation of his membership card to George Harris at Northern Hardware, get a discount of 10 per cent. on all ski equipment. For advice on what to buy, we suggest speaking to Ralph Fisher, manager of skiing.

We might put in a word about ski equipment. Cable doornpull bindings are so cheap this year that there can no longer be any excuse for not owning them. They are certainly far more serviceable than any other type. One thing you will have to be sure of before you install them. That is that if you can't afford to buy boots, you should have boots possessed of a steel shank. Otherwise the arch will buckle under the pressure of the downpull, and you may even find that the sales are being ripped from the boots.

For the last time we are publishing an appeal for club members to help clear the hill. It is in very poor shape, and must be fixed in the next week. And work on the fireplace will be finished by next week. If he receives co-operation, Dr. Bulyea expects that he will be able to place the last rock on Wednesday afternoon.

Completion of the fireplace will call for a party, and it is expected that an outing will be held at the first of next week. Read your Friday Gateway for further details.

NOTICE

House League Basketball games scheduled for Tuesday, Nov. 21st, are cancelled.

NOTICE

Student badminton players are advised that Wednesday, Nov. 22, is invitation night to the faculty. The students who are to represent the club will be duly notified; all others are requested to put off their games till Friday.

WESTERN BEATS QUEEN'S GAELS FOOTBALL FINAL

Oliphant Stars

WESTERN UNDEFEATED

By Art Collins

KINGSTON, Ontario. Queen's gallant Gaels came within three minutes of the championship playoff on Saturday, but a really great Western team pulled a smash finish and came home in front by a 13-8 score to wind up the Intercollegiate football festivities for 1939. For the purple team, it meant the title and the end of a glorious unbeaten and untied season, while for the Tricolor it was a really tough one to lose after a three-game winning streak had put them in a position to challenge Western's supremacy.

Facing a well coached aggregation with a brilliant and diversified attack, the Scots played canny, bruising football to stay in front for the first three quarters. But in the final frame, the Mustangs' aerial pyrotechnics began to click with beautiful precision and their bid could not be denied, although they needed a big break to give them their winning margin. That break came when "Georgious George" Oliphant leaped high in the air to grab a loose ball after Brown's kick was blocked, and charged across for the payoff score.

Saturday's contest was undoubtedly the best seen in this college loop this year, and the defeated Gaels came in for a big share of the honors along with the victorious champions. They can call it a season with a real sense of satisfaction, for every member of the team did a grand job in defeat. Outstanding factors in their 4-star performance were the vicious line thrusts of Art Walker and Phil Grandjean, who knifed through time and again for long gains; the two-way power of those stalwart ball hawks, Jerry Conlin, Jake Padden, Doug Annan and George Carson; the heady generalship and flashy running of little Pete Marshall, who has developed into a real star under the tutelage of Tyndall.

SPORT SLANTS

By

DON JACQUEST

Well, The Gateway ping-ball team remain campus champions owing to a decisive win over a team representing the Law Faculty. And so the Baylis Trophy remains the proud possession of The Gateway staff, pending of course a battle with the Engineers.

For once Friday Editor Mason suffered a reversal of form and correctly prophesied that Winnipeg victory over the weekend. For three years Tom has been going through the motions of picking the winner; this, we might say, just about as accurately as the old Literary Digest poll.

As mentioned by Earl Moffat, the chances of Alberta playing hockey against Minnesota seem very slim. In fact, it is rather hard to find anyone who knows anything about it. It had been reported that there was correspondence between the Men's Athletic Committee and some body of a like nature at Minnesota. Personally, we are inclined to think that the whole affair was just a case of the wish being father to the thought. It is intended, however, that Minnesota will be further (?) contacted on the question.

And while we are on the subject of hockey, we might just mention the fact that it has been stated by hockey officials that if Alberta can guarantee expenses, the University of Toronto hockey team will play an exhibition game here in Edmonton. This would call for the support of all students who are interested in hockey. The game would have to be held overtime, as the Varsity Rink would not hold the number of paid admissions which would be needed to make the required guarantee.

The annual winter basketball classic is due to come off at the beginning of next month. We refer, of course, to the game between the Co-eds basketball squad and Dean Howes Faculty All Stars. As in previous years, the proceeds will go to charity, though to which organization has not been decided. We would like to suggest that this could form part of student effort on behalf of the Red Cross. It has been decided by Council that the Christmas house dance will be held for the benefit of the needy, so this game could be played under the sponsorship of the Men's Athletic Committee on behalf of the Red Cross.

We had supper at the Outdoor Club Cabin on Saturday night, and it is pretty swell. The fireplace is a fine piece of work, and will prove a great boon to frozen skiers as winter comes down on us.

Watching the Boxing Club over at St. Joe's the other day we were very much impressed by the capable way in which Gordon Grayston is handling the coaching. He began by treating the boys, even the experts, as though they knew nothing. In that way he has been able to give them all a good grounding in fundamentals. We hesitate to prophesy, but Alberta might surprise Saskatchewan in the tournament for November.

The Outdoor Club will hold a cabin opening next Sunday evening. Further details later.

Faculty All-Stars Commence Practices For Annual Game Against Senior Women's Team

Girls Demand Police Protection During Game

HARRY HEWITTSON, WIMPY SMITH BACK

Plans were announced Friday for the annual basketball classic between the Girls' Basketball team, coached by Mr. Jake Jamieson, and the Faculty "All Stars", managed and coached by the Dean of Alberta sportsmen, Dean Howes of the Faculty of Agriculture.

Neither coach has released the lineup for the game, which will be held in December. The proceeds of the game will be given to charity, either to the annual Christmas Fund or to the Red Cross.

Two splendid teams are preparing for the struggle. Following are thumb-nail sketches of possible starters on the All Stars:

Dr. Neatby—A standout last year. This is Ken's third year with the All Stars. Rather small of stature, he is nevertheless an outstanding forward. It is rumored, however, that it is probable that he will for this year be switched back to the guard position he held his first year on the squad. Not bad.

Dr. Ignatieff—The squad's shortest man. However, Mr. Jamieson expects great things from the learned doctor. He has in past years been a standout, and the same excellent performance is expected. Since last year's victory, his desire for vengeance because of the beating handed out by the ladies in 1937, has almost evaporated, so there will be no need of police protection for the ladies, as had been hinted before last year's encounter.

Harry Hewittson—A favorite with all his colleagues as well as the students, not to mention the girls, Harry has always been considered the drawing card of this event. He has consistently led the scoring parade, and can be counted on to turn in his usual sterling performance.

Wimpy Smith—Doug is the sophomore of the team. Last year was his first season with the All Stars, and he proved a welcome addition to an aging squad—aging we mean at the usual rate. Doug is the coach's pet, but his past performance has been good enough to rate him a spot on the first line. A hot stuff player.

Preston and Thomas—Played their first games last year, and we expect will be on the team again this season.

These five gentlemen constitute all those who are back, but we have it on the best of authority that there are at least two newcomers on the team who have plenty of power to spare.

Meanwhile, in both training camps, practices are being held daily with a view to presenting a highly interesting contest for the fans. Manager Howes expressed absolute confidence in the ability of his team to hand a shellacking to the girls. Said he: "Why, my team is so good that we could beat the gals even if we had to play them in full hockey outfits, including gloves—this for no more than one period." So there!

The girls are a little less confident and, confronted by the statement of the Dean, they expressed an anxiety for their safety and a demand for adequate police protection.

NOTICE

Will all rugby players please hand in all equipment now in their possession and keys for lockers. These lockers are needed immediately for basketball, and if they are not empty by Nov. 23 they will be unlocked by a pass key, and the players signing for these will be held responsible for any missing equipment.

ended the league season without a win, scored a surprise victory over Vancouver Knights of Columbus, 6-1, in Victoria.

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Theatre Directory

PRINCESS THEATRE, Thurs., Fri., Sat., Nov. 23, 24, 25—Robert Taylor and Myrna Loy in "Lucky Night" and Peter Lorre in "Mr. Moto's Vacation."

STRAND THEATRE, Wed., Thurs., Fri., Nov. 22, 23, 24—Randolph Scott in "20,000 Men a Year" and Virginia Weidler in "Bad Little Angel."

EMPRESS THEATRE, Thurs., Fri., Sat., Nov. 23, 24, 25—Leon Ames in "Panama Patrol" and George O'Brien in "Marshal of Mesa City."

RIALTO THEATRE, Wed., Thurs., Fri., Nov. 22 to 24—Stella Dallas with Barbara Stanwyck, John Boles, Anne Shirley, Brought back by Popular Demand. "They Asked For It," with Lyle Talbot, Joy Hodges, Michael Whalen, Isobel Jewell.

CAPITOL THEATRE—"Nurse Edith Cavell," with Anna Neagle, Edna May Oliver, May Robson, George Sanders, Zazu Pitts.

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